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[ONE PENNY.]

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SUNDAY, December 26.

LONDON.

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 Bermondsey, Fort-road, 7, Rev. J. HIPPERSON.
 Blackfriars Mission and Stamford-street Chapel, 11 and 7, Rev. J. C. BALLANTYNE.
 Brixton Unitarian Christian Church, Effra-road, 11 and 7, Rev. G. C. CRESSEY, D.D.
 Child's Hill, All Souls', Weech-road, Finchley-road, 11.15 and 6.30, Rev. EDGAR DAPLYN.
 Croydon, Free Christian Church, Wellesley-road, 11 and 7, Rev. W. J. JUPP.
 Essex Church, The Mall, Notting Hill Gate, 11 and 7, Rev. FRANK K. FREESTON.
 Finchley (East), Squires-lane Council Schools, 6.30, Rev. J. ARTHUR PEARSON.
 Forest Gate, corner of Dunbar-road, Upton-lane, 11, Mr. A. M. STABLES; 6.30, Rev. JOHN ELLIS.
 Hackney, New Gravel Pit Church, Chatham-place, 11.15 and 7, Rev. H. RAWLINGS, M.A.
 Hampstead, Rosslyn-hill Chapel, 11.15 and 6.30, 7, Rev. HENRY GOW, B.A.
 Harlesden, Willesden High School, Craven Park, 7, Dr. J. LIONEL TAYLER.
 Highgate-hill Unitarian Christian Church, 11 and 7, Rev. A. A. CHARLESWORTH.
 Ilford, High-road, 11, Mr. JOHN KINSMAN; 7, Rev. T. E. M. EDWARDS.
 Islington, Unity Church, Upper-street, 11 and 7, Rev. E. SAVELL HICKS, M.A.
 Kentish Town, Clarence-road, N.W., 11 and 7, Mr. A. SAVAGE COOPER.
 Kilburn, Quex-road, 11 and 7, Rev. CHARLES ROPER, B.A.
 Lewisham, Unitarian Christian Church, High-street, 11 and 7, Rev. W. W. C. POPE.
 Mansford-street Church and Mission, Bethnal Green, 7, Mr. F. EDWIN ALLEN.
 Peckham, Avondale-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. LAWRENCE CLARE.
 Richmond, Free Church, Ormond-road, 11.15, Rev. J. ARTHUR PEARSON; and 7.
 Stoke Newington Green, 11.15 and 7, Dr. F. W. G. FOAT, M.A.
 Stratford Unitarian Church, 11, P.S.M., Rev. JOHN ELLIS; 6.30, Mr. A. STEPHEN NOEL.
 University Hall, Gordon-square, 11.15 and 7, Rev. J. PAGE HOPPS.
 Wandsworth Unitarian Christian Church, East Hill, 11 and 7, Rev. W. G. TARRANT, B.A.
 Wimbledon, Smaller Worple Hall, Worple-road, 7, Mr. J. W. GALE.
 Wood Green Unity Church, 11 and 7, Rev. Dr. MUMMERY.
 Woolwich, Carmel Chapel, Angelsea-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. L. JENKINS JONES.

ABERYSTWYTH, New Street Meeting House, 11 and 6.30. Supply.
 BATH, Trim-street Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. McDOWELL.
 BIRMINGHAM, Old Meeting Church, Bristol-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. JOSEPH WOOD.
 BLACKPOOL, Dickson-road, North Shore, 10.45 and 6.30.
 BLACKPOOL, South Shore Unitarian Free Church, Lytham-road South, 11 and 6.30.
 BOURNEMOUTH, Unitarian Church, West Hill-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. V. D. DAVIS, B.A.
 BRADFORD, Chapel Lane Chapel, 10.30 and 6.30, Rev. HERBERT McLACHLAN, M.A., B.D.
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 CLIFTON, Oakfield-road Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. E. W. LUMMIS, M.A.
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 DUBLIN, Stephen's Green West, 12, Rev. J. HAMILTON VANCE, B.D.
 EVESHAM, Oak-street Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. W. F. KENNEDY.

GORTON, Brookfield Church, 10.45, Rev. E. G' EVANS, B.A.; 6.30, Rev. GEORGE EVANS' B.A.
 GUILDFORD, Ward-street Church, North-street, 11 and 6.30, Mr. GEORGE WARD.
 HASTINGS, South Terrace, Queen's-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. S. BURROWS.
 HORSHAM, Free Christian Church, Worthing-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. J. MARTEN.
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 LIVERPOOL, Ancient Chapel of Toxteth, 11 and 6.30, Rev. CHARLES CRADDOCK.
 LIVERPOOL, Hope-street Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. H. D. ROBERTS.
 LIVERPOOL, Ullet-road, Sefton-park, 11, Rev. J. C. ODGERS, B.A.; 6.30, Rev. M. WATKINS.
 MAIDSTONE, Unitarian Church, Earl-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. ALEXANDER FARQUHARSON.
 NEW BRIGHTON and LISCARD, Memorial Church, Manor-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. A. ERNEST PARRY.
 NEWPORT, Isle of Wight, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. RUDDLE.
 OXFORD, Manchester College, 11.30, Rev. Dr. CARPENTER.
 PORTSMOUTH, High-street Chapel, 11 and 6.45.
 PORTSMOUTH, St. Thomas-street, 6.45, Rev. T. BOND.
 PRESTON, Unitarian Chapel, Church-street, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. CHARLES TRAVERS.
 SCARBOROUGH, Westborough, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. JOSEPH WAIN.
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 SHEFFIELD, Upper Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. C. J. STREET, M.A., LL.B.
 SIDMOUTH, Old Meeting, High-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. WILLIAM AGAR.
 SOUTHPORT, Portland-street Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. MATTHEW R. SCOTT.
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 TUNBRIDGE WELLS, Dudley Institute, Dudley-road, 11 and 6.30.
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ABERYSTWYTH, New-street Meeting House, 11, Carols.
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 KILBURN, Quex Road, 11, Rev. CHARLES ROPER, B.A.
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 STRATFORD, Unitarian Church, 11.

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BIRTHS.

PEARSON.—On December 17, at Warriston, North End-road, Hampstead, the wife of Wilfred John Pearson, of a daughter.

WICKSTEED.—On Sunday, December 19, to Joseph and Ethel Wicksteed, a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

DUDLEY—WARD.—On December 21, at the Unitarian Church, Middlesbrough, by the Rev. Alfred Hall, M.A., of Newcastle-on-Tyne, Robert Dudley, of Warwick, to Edith Ann, eldest daughter of Thomas F. Ward, of Middlesbrough.

EPPS—PHILLIP.—On December 21, at St. George's Church, Edgbaston, by the Rev. C. E. Blakeway, assisted by the Rev. Arthur Perowne, Claude Henry Boudeville Epps, third son of Mr. and Mrs. Hahnemann Epps, of 95, Upper Tulse Hill, London, S.W., to Mary Elisabeth de Riemer Phillip, elder daughter of the late Arthur James Phillip, of Edgbaston, and of Mrs. Phillip.

DEATHS.

HINCKS.—On December 12, at Clifton, Alice, daughter of the late Rev. Thomas Hincks, F.R.S., formerly of Leeds. R.I.P.

McGEE.—On December 20, at Southport, Robert McGEE, age 54.

MELLONE.—On Sunday, December 19, at the Hermitage, Warrenpoint, County Down, Elizabeth Amelia, wife of Rev. W. E. Mellone, aged 79 years.

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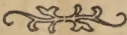
THE INQUIRER.

A Journal of Liberal Religion, Literature, and Social Progress.

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A Christmas Song.



Out of the East the camels came,

The Star on the waste and the wind on the wold,
And three wise Kings without a name ;

A song in the sky and the sheep in the fold.

Three Shepherds lay out near Bethlehem,

The Star on the waste and the wind on the wold,
And the glory of God was opened to them ;

A song in the sky and the sheep in the fold.

And the Kings and the Shepherds found their quest,

The Star on the waste and the wind on the wold,
Where a Little One lay on his Mother's breast ;

A song in the sky and the sheep in the fold.

O the Child was Love, and Life, and King,

The Star on the waste and the wind on the wold,
Of the heart of the world by suffering,

A song in the sky and His sheep in the fold.

STOPFORD A. BROOKE.

EDITORIAL ARTICLE.

THE BENEDICTION OF CHRISTMAS.

It comes in such manifold ways, the benediction of Christmas, that it is difficult to analyse it or to describe its special quality. It is something ethereal and diffusive, like the atmosphere of a spring day or the peace of a star-lit night. It speaks to men in a language in which dim memories and unrealised hopes are strangely mingled and the frank merriment of childhood keeps company with the deepest mysteries of faith. Part of the undying charm of Christmas Day is its unlikeness to all the other days of the year. It is Sunday without its Puritan prohibitions. It is a birthday, with universal instead of merely personal emotions. It is a day of feasting, in which the poor are remembered, and it is natural to be kind. Perhaps for most people it is this latter element of happy fellowship which is the most prominent, and the song of angels is only the embroidery of sentiment for the more solid human realities. But even for them the ultimate meaning of the day is religious. It comes with a benediction ; and this recovery of the simple pleasures of kindness brings the message, felt in the heart if seldom spoken by the lips, that Love is at the helm—and on the Throne.

The keeping of Christmas is thus part of the divine picture-language of the soul. On no other day have we the courage to be so symbolical. We greet one another in poetry, and bring our gifts of gold and frankincense and myrrh, thinking chiefly of the homage which is due to love. For we are celebrating the immortal childhood of our Faith, the unfading splendours which still gleam in its youthful eyes. No other Christian festival can be quite so universal. The Cross, in the intensity of its passion and the mystery of its pain, stands on a shadowed hill outside the city

walls. But the hymns of the nativity are sung by happy children at their play; they people our homes with the presence and benediction of Love, and blend with all our toil and every dream of good. And the man who fits the words to his own use to-day is not merely linking his life for a few impressionable moments with the sentiments of the past; he is accepting, by an act which in its immemorial simplicity and grace has an almost sacramental value, the prophetic vision of the Gospel, its hope, its confidence, its immortal gladness in the reign of Love.

Here, perhaps, is the way in which the benediction of Christmas can minister most richly to our present need. It is inevitable that an historical religion and a growing democracy should pass through periods of stress, when ancient landmarks are moved out of their places, and the familiar structure of life seems to fail, and the defiant forces of nature and man rise up to proclaim that the empire of Love is old and falling to decay. Had it no secret of growth, no youthful potency of life in its heart, Christianity might be justified in yielding its confident faith in the future into other hands, while it turns its own eyes backwards to catch the fading glory of its dream. But nothing could be more alien to its spirit than this antiquarian piety. It values the traditions of the past, but simply because they are part of the imperishable treasure of its life. Beside the gates, at the entry of the city, at the coming in at the doors it speaks, amid the discordant voices of our day, like a child standing in the midst, happy, confident, and unashamed. And its word is of love and joy, and the reign of God in the hearts of men, and the narrow path, strewn with thorns, which leads to the gateway of life. But who can stay to listen to the Immortal Child? We are so busy with our merchandise, and our tasks of learning, and the cares of government, and the hard toil for daily bread, and the imperious appetite for pleasure. Where are the moments, which we can steal for such things as dreams are made of? We have still our shrines of prayer, our crowning joys, and our shattering griefs. There are the days sacred to memory and hope with their unfailing benediction. Once again it is Christmas Day. We go with CHRIST to greet the dawn.

LIFE, RELIGION & AFFAIRS.

THE OBSOLESCENCE OF WAR.

OUR efforts for Peace, based on utmost reason, and obedient to an ideal for the maintenance of which in other connections churches chiefly exist, are met, silently or otherwise, by the thought that it is all no use; there has always been war, and there always will be. It is vain to knock one's head against the stone wall of the universe. The world, we are told, is built that way. But it is not hard to show that the world has in reality outgrown all fitness for war, that the gain from its practice in barbarous ages has become a loss at length unbearable.

Once a campaign might be entered upon

with little prospect of material ruin. Burnt huts could soon be replaced; cattle were the most serious loss, and they might be recovered, or their equivalents. Trials of strength in plunder raids were entered upon as we arrange football matches or general elections. But now we are gravely committed to the guardianship of the slowly accumulated property of ages of toil. The work of years is destroyed in a single day of war. Our great unfortified cities, with their town halls, libraries, picture galleries, and universities, their combustible factories filled with costly machinery, their buildings connected by an elaborate system of message-bearing and light-bearing wires, liable to explosion under shell fire, and our country side, with its treasure-filled mansions, immemorial trees, and carefully tilled fields, all our roads and railways and docks—what hostages are these that we have given for the preservation of Peace! We have too much on for the particular athletic sport we are discussing, and are hampered. Thus far for what is seen—but the unseen is even more serious. Fed from abroad, clothed from abroad, our mills working up foreign material—we are dependent either upon Peace or upon a kind of War not yet seen in the world for our daily bread and our daily wage. What is true of us is to a rather less extent true of our neighbours. If we cannot afford to cut off our foreign trade with them, neither can they theirs with us—for it benefits both.

The recent history of Europe points in many ways to the thought that the day of war is passing away, even in face of the fresh competition in navies. Much that is encouraging has happened, has been apparently driven to happen.

The Hague Tribunal has been established and is in regular use. England and Russia, in spite of the *Daily Mail's* efforts, avoided war over the foolishness on the Dogger Bank. France and Germany made peace at Algéciras, France and England are in genuine friendship, with Fashoda forgotten, the trouble with Russia over the Pamirs was finally settled, and the threatened quarrel with America over Venezuela was avoided. Every one of these subjects was worked up to the danger zone by excitable papers. Norway and Sweden separated without war, and were aided by our friendly Government in so doing. Russia, the most dangerous, incalculable and unscrupulous Government in Europe, has been rendered temporarily helpless for serious offence by the Japanese abroad and the Revolution at home. The Sultan of Turkey, always a foreign body causing inflammation, has been gently but firmly removed, and even the ambitions of Austria in Bosnia and of Bulgaria have been gratified, rightly or wrongly, but without war.

These things show that nobody wants war. Had any nation wanted it, there has been ample opportunity. Germany, our present bogey, has had no war of any kind since 1871, and there is ample sign that the French "Revanche," dating from 1871, against Germany has ceased to be a dominant motive, though the statue of Strasbourg in the Place de la Concorde remains garlanded, and the date at which it is to be regained stands

blank. Between England and the United States there has arisen a general conviction that war is for ever impossible, the links of business, blood and friendship are too many and too strong. Yet not a generation ago tension—a good deal of it Irish in origin—was common, and all the older American towns contain statues to men who fell in the two wars with England. The Republic has only had wars with the Mother Country, and all its military glories are victories over us. But that, and bad history books, and Irish disaffection, have not withstood the spirit of the times which makes for Peace.

Western Europe has stood armed and watchful since the lamentable seizure of Alsace-Lorraine by Bismarck. But none have dared to break the general peace. It has become less and less practicable—more and more costly—to do so. Why, then, continue to pile up armaments? The difficulty is psychological, not material. It is the inward mind, not the outward circumstances, that require to be altered. Outward circumstances almost compel Peace. We know we are under the dominion of a horrible enslavement; we writhe under it. Sir Edward Grey admits that armaments are on the way to submerge civilisation. Each piled-up million leaves the nations less secure. We pay more premium annually for what is less and less a safe insurance. Nothing would so increase European confidence, said one of our leading statesmen lately, as to hear that England and Germany had agreed to diminish their fleets instead of increasing them. Who will take us over the psychological dead point? Nobody wants to go on. Each nation says it would gladly disarm if others would show that they would deliver no attack. No nation claims mastery over the others; none but knows that to invade would be madness. Somehow, the hot heads and frightened eyes want a cold bath and a rub down, and to see things differently. We seem to be in fearsome night, with hand on trigger. All that is wanted is a sunrise to show that there is no enemy.

Professor Delbrück's article in the October *Contemporary* shows up the situation with invaluable clearness. He holds the Chair of History at Berlin. He is not specially Anglophile, nor a Peace advocate. He defends the German naval programme on two grounds. First, that British diplomacy, which threatens to control the world, may be checked; and, secondly, that our absorption of Asia and Africa, so imminent and so clearly intended, may not take place. A British dominion extending from Burmah to Cairo, absorbing Persia and Arabia, with the sacred cities of Islam, is to join the Cape-Cairo dominion, and is supposed to be practical politics in England; and this, it is thought, is only preliminary to our absorption of China. I think there is room for a better understanding abroad of our real aims.

It is this psychological character of the war feeling—a scare, a fever, a fear, a love of mastery—that renders so misleading the popular maxim: "If you want peace prepare for war." For the preparation for war produces the required psychological situation—the fear, the eye on the enemy, the careful counting of ships, the proud consciousness of having the means of offence and defence. If circumstances really com-

pelled, or pointed to the need of, constant militancy—if the nations were turbulent mountaineers living by lifting cattle—or if a long memory of injuries made peace with honour impossible—or if restless rebellion was a frequent incident in the history of a half-conquered people, if piracy habitually preyed upon commerce, if all the upper classes were warriors by profession, then it might be well to frighten your enemy into quietness by your elaborate preparation for war.

But if, on the other hand, long-settled and wealthy nations, elaborately organised, with an accumulation of capital previously unknown in the world, bound by links of mutual dependence in trade, learning their science in common, studying religious and political problems together, honeycombed with international associations, with room for colonial expansion elsewhere, with a considerable experience of arbitrations and conferences—if all things make for Peace there is urgent need to avoid, above all things, a sensitive jealousy, a balancing of calculated resources of destructive faculty, and the provision of armies and navies too costly never to be used, and of a military class anxious to justify its expensive existence. "If you want war prepare for war" is less epigrammatic, but more truthful.

JOHN W. GRAHAM.

ON EARTH PEACE.*

AN ADDRESS TO BOYS.

OF the thoughts which naturally come before our minds at this season the foremost is, I think, that of Peace; and in this present year in particular we shall do well to bring it even more prominently to the fore than usual. We are, as you know, on the eve of civil strife, the sternest and most bitter that the country will have seen for nearly eighty years. Some of you will, no doubt, be drawn into the vortex, and it is well that you should, so far as you can, play your part in the struggle. But do not forget that, whichever side you may happen to be on, those on the opposite side are your brothers—brothers in race and blood; and remember that other meaning of the word "civil," and let it be seen that the parties in civil strife can, at least, be fair and civil to each other. Or look further afield, at our neighbours across the water. We are not now on bad terms with any, much less at war. Yet we are never allowed to forget for long (if we ever can forget at all) that there is such a thing as war. Armaments are certainly not decreasing: not a week passes but some new war vessel takes the water; and the earth throbs with the martial tramp of men. Moreover, just at the present time a nefarious, a criminal, attempt is being made in a certain quarter to create bad blood between ourselves and our cousins of Germany. This attempt is being made, presumably, "to gain some private ends"; but whether or not the object is private benefit, the result will most assuredly be public detriment, unless some means can be found to prevent or mitigate the evil. It is a blot upon the character of the British public that the journal which is lending

itself to this proceeding should be so widely bought and read; and our only comfort lies in the chorus of condemnation with which its action is being received by all self-respecting organs in the country. "But war is bound to come, sooner or later." Why? Is there not room for all, without the need of fighting for life and power? And is it still nothing to the world that Christ once lived? With all our boasted Twentieth Century civilisation we seem still to be nearer to Joshua than to Jesus. War is an evil—the fact that peace is the reverse is alone more than enough to prove it; but it is not a necessary evil, as some would have us believe. It need not be, it *must* not be, it *shall* not be, if any word or deed of yours or mine can prevent it.

And for ourselves: what of the war within each one of us—the strife or good impulses with bad, of reason with passion, of high resolve with weakness of flesh or will? This war can never wholly cease, but it can at least be in abeyance, the evil can be so far crushed and swept away that the good is left in sole possession of the field, and we secure, if only for a time, that peace which the world cannot give and which the world cannot take away. Let our first thought, then, when we wake on Christmas Day, be "Peace" (perhaps it will be a morning such as this, when the only sounds we hear will be those of the bells ringing across the snow); and, like those Judæan shepherds of old, "let us go even to Bethlehem," and pray that our hearts may become as the heart of that little child.

It is a happy chance that has placed Christmas at the close of the year. The New Year is the time at which it pleases us to register fresh resolutions—resolutions to do better, and to be better than in the year that has just come to an end. But we should not wait for the New Year to frame our resolutions. Let us register them then by all means; but let us frame them *now*, when something at least of Christ's spirit is allowed to come into our lives. Remember that the past cannot be wiped out, as writing from a slate. Your life is a book, a rag-book, from which you cannot tear the leaves; but you can, by the mercy of God, turn over a fresh leaf, and start afresh. No one of us but needs a fresh start of some kind. And now is the time to give the matter thought, when the Old Year is yet with us. Let us ponder well the present and the past, and consider how the days to come may be better than those that have gone before—now, at this season, when we celebrate the birth of him who will be for all time the pattern of the perfect life.

THE BLUE BIRD.

Human beings are very odd... Since the death of the fairies they see nothing at all, and they never suspect it.

HAPPINESS is as elusive and difficult to capture as the mystical Blue Bird, which not only changes colour when it is caught, but manages to fly away again before there is time to put it in a cage; and it is certain that sympathy and imagination alone can give us the clue to its whereabouts. If these were to fail us, we should indeed be undone; but fortunately they never quite desert the world,

even when hearts grow hard and poets tuneless. Over Nature, red in tooth and claw, they throw their tender spell, "and one by one all the blind ancient terrors fall away, leaving man confronted with a fate which is ever clearer to his gaze." This, it seems, is the message of Maeterlinck to all the wondering children, great and small, for whom he has written his exquisite fairy play, and the message is given in the whimsical, humorous manner of a lover of simple things, who sees the mirth in life just because he understands its beauty and purpose.

Everybody in the crowded audience which nightly witnesses Mr. Trench's remarkable production at the Haymarket (an audience so largely composed of "grown-ups" that one begins to wonder whether the play was not really invented for them, after all) feels at home with Tytyl and Mytyl, the wood-cutter's children, who begin their search for the Blue Bird, under the guidance of Light, when Mummy Tyl fondly imagines they are sleeping soundly in their beds. They are the most delightfully natural little people in the world, and the man or woman who does not follow their adventures, after the coming of the Fairy Berylune, with breathless interest, must be more impervious to joy than the dead grandfather and grandmother in the Land of Memory, who wake from sleep with every sign of pleasure when the living give them a chance by thinking or speaking about them. With their faithful ally, Tylo, the dog; the souls of Fire, Bread, Water and Sugar; and wicked Tylette, the cat (who is a very horrid creature, we regret to say), the boy and girl set out on their quest, and in the course of some strange and nerve-shaking experiences learn many of the secrets which have baffled philosophers from the beginning of the world. In the place of the dead they discover, for instance, that people never die at all; and when they conjure the shades to appear at midnight in the graveyard, a mist rolls away before their eyes, and they find themselves standing amid fragrant white lilies, taller than themselves, in a lovely garden full of sunshine and the song of birds. "Where are the dead?" says Mytyl in amazement. And Tytyl answers, with a note of wonder, "There are no dead." In the forest, where the trees and animals alternately seek to kill them and fly from them in fear, they realise what are the hidden feelings of the dumb things in regard to Man, who so often exploits or destroys them. In the Palace of Night, with its sable-robed queen, they are shown the plagues and the wars, the ghosts and horrors, the disasters and sicknesses (the latter themselves somewhat weakly since the doctors became so clever!) which, together with moonbeams and stars, sleep and silence, are kept in thrall by destiny. But perhaps they learn most in the great azure hall, thronged with children arrayed in fairy blue, where the men and women of the future are still waiting to be born. Here, while the dark clouds drift ceaselessly across the opalescent doors that open out "upon the quays of the Dawn," Tytyl talks to the little waiting souls, who question him innocently about the earth they are to visit, and show him the gifts which they will take with

* Spoken to the boys at Willaston School by the Head Master on Sunday, December 19, 1909.

them to humanity, when their time comes. One is to be an inventor, another a hero; some are to enlighten the world with ideas, others, alas, are dowered with evil deeds and diseases. One will sit upon a throne, a second will do battle with injustice, and two more will wander lonely all their days, loving each other in vain, because it is destined that they shall never meet and travel on the same road. While the chatter goes on, the sky grows clearer, and a rosy glow preludes the dawn. Slowly the great doors open, and Time appears with his scythe, to summon those whose turn it is to go next on board the galley, with white and golden sails, that rides upon the mists of the morning. There is a confused clamour, and the children troop up the steps with glee, eager for their adventure; but only a few are wanted, and Time remorselessly singles out the favoured ones, pressing back the others, who are not to be born, for years, it may be. At last farewells are said, and the galley disappears with its freight of azure-robed children, who are welcomed by a low sound of singing, which swells to a pæan of joy, as they descend to the earth, where the happy mothers await them.

Through all these adventures, Light, in her shimmering draperies, is always the loving guide of Tytyl and Mytyl, for she is the friend of humanity, and always on Man's side. Acting on her advice, they continue undaunted the search for the Blue Bird; and when they think from time to time that they have caught it, and it changes colour in their hands, or droops and dies, she it is who brings comfort to their sorrowing hearts. At last she leads them safely back again to their father's cottage, where, just before the dawn of Christmas Day, the Animals and Things bid farewell to speech and the children. In a few minutes we behold the latter cosily lying in their beds under the patchwork quilts, while Mummy Tyl, good woman, having lit the fire and put on the porridge, is lovingly trying to awaken them. Tytyl and Mytyl get up and dress themselves, but their heads are full of all they have seen and heard, and so strangely do they talk that the poor mother thinks they must be ill, or dreaming. They are soon skipping about, however, in a gleeful manner that quite reassures her, and it is evident that they are not only perfectly well, but brimming over with happiness. Everything looks the same as ever to their delighted eyes, "but much prettier," Tytyl declares; and when he takes down the cage containing his turtle-dove to give it to the sick child of poor Neighbour Berlingot, he finds to his great joy that it has turned blue. This, then, was what they had journeyed so far to discover—that happiness had been in their possession long before they started out in search of it; but how could they be expected to know? It is useless thinking that you will find out all life's secrets if you never stray beyond the four walls of your home—though Maeterlinck, we are glad to say, does not make Tytyl commit himself to such a piece of sententiousness. Neither does he send us home when the curtain falls in too jubilant a frame of mind, under the impression that if the supreme joy of our

life ever comes, it will remain with us for ever. He would hardly be the great thinker he is if that idea summed up his philosophy. At the very end of the play, indeed, the Blue Bird flies away once more, and little Tytyl, advancing to the footlights, says to the audience, "If any of you should find him, would you be so very kind as to give him back to us?"

The acting of the children is remarkable, for the entire lack of self-consciousness which characterises it, and Mr. Ernest Hendrie's performance as Tylô, the loving and faithful dog, who sees through the specious wiles of Tylette, and loyally protects the children when their safety is menaced, is the cleverest attempt at animal impersonation that we have ever seen. Bread and Sugar, Water, Fire, and Milk are also very droll, and sometimes the dialogue between the various element is exceedingly amusing. We get quite fond of the Loaf, who is dressed like a fat Bluebeard, and we really cannot help sympathising with the Souls of Things when the seal of silence is set upon them once more—when Fire is thrust back into his chimney, and Water returns to the cistern. Like the Hours which trip out of the grandfather's clock at the Fairy Berylune's bidding, they have become, for us, personalities, and we do not like to see them enslaved once more by the arbitrary law which makes them our dumb servants instead of our merry companions.

The one thought which remains with us, however, after seeing this beautiful fairy play, is that not only are people and things much more interesting than they usually appear to be, but that life itself is inexhaustible and unconquerable. The children themselves discovered, when lilies came up out of the graves, that death does not exist; and Gaffer Tyl was not far from the truth when he said, "The Living are so stupid when they speak of the Others."

THE PROTECTIVE INFLUENCE OF SNOW.

THE first flakes of snow have already fluttered gently down from the skies to herald the advent of a long winter, and although townsmen naturally regard a snowstorm with feelings of mingled dismay and resentment, yet the country folk—ever keenly alive to the needs of the plants slumbering in the ground—realise to the full the inestimable value of the white protective mantle. The particles of air entangled in the meshes of the delicate snow-crystals combine to form a perfect non-conductor of heat, and it is only owing to this property that flowers and insects can brighten by their presence the short Polar summers which succeed the interminably long dark winters within the Arctic Circle. Nothing more strikingly demonstrates the extraordinary degree of protection to organic beings that is effected by snow than the fact that in Grinnell Land, at a distance of only seven degrees from the North Pole, butterflies, such as our familiar Clouded Yellows, Fritillaries and Blues, are found, whilst strangely enough they do not occur at all in Spitzbergen or in Iceland, which lie so much further to the southward. Even in

Greenland these butterflies are less well represented in species than in the higher latitudes close to the Pole. The only adequate reason for such an anomalous state of affairs is to be sought in the earlier and heavier falls of snow, which effectually protect the seeds and roots of plants as well as eggs of insects from being decimated by the phenomenally low winter temperatures of Grinnell Land and similarly situated Arctic countries.

Our comparatively mild and open winters are, indeed, largely responsible for the flora of the British Isles comparing so unfavourably in richness of forms with that of Central Europe, where the winter is more rigorous and continuous. In England, snow seldom lies for any length of time upon the ground, whilst in Germany and Austria, for instance, a heavy mantle of snow is an invariable feature of winter, and as a natural consequence many plants, which in our climate would be destroyed by cutting winds acting in conjunction with hard frosts, are able on the Continent to survive under the protecting influence of the snow. Conversely, many Alpine plants, which are brought over by lovers of Nature to brighten their rock-gardens with their presence, often fail to survive our winters unless they are provided with some artificial protective covering to take the place of the snow on their native mountains. Alpine plants, with silky hair or woolly foliage, are particularly liable to suffer from rain and sleet in our changeable winters, and, curiously enough, it is just in this characteristic that Arctic plants differ so markedly from those of the Alps; in the short summers of the Far North there is not the same danger of excessive evaporation to which plants become increasingly subject the further south they occur; and in the mountains of Greece and Asia Minor the number of hairy plants with woolly leaves is far greater than in the Alps.

The Alpine plants, which still linger on some of the Scotch and Welsh mountains and on isolated peaks of the Lake District, owe their preservation in these higher regions of our islands mainly to the heavy snowfall commencing long before the hard frosts and keen east winds of winter. The close adaptation of all these snow-loving plants to their special environment is very pronounced; sometimes the weight of the overlying snow is resisted by the adoption of a creeping stem, with very elastic, wiry branches clothed with needle-like leaves, or else they increase vegetatively like saxifrages by branching profusely so as to form dense carpets of verdure. An Alpine willow, which grows on the summits of the loftiest British mountains, differs greatly from its lowland cousins not only by its stem and branches spreading horizontally under the turf, but by producing its catkins after instead of before the appearance of the leaves. Perhaps the most striking adaptation of all the Alpine flowers is exemplified by the pretty violet blossoms of the moonwort or soldanella, which actually melt their way gradually through the overlying ice by means of the heat liberated in the flower-bud itself during the ordinary process of respiration. It is one of the most beautiful sights in the Alps to see the

blue, drooping bells of the soldanella waving in the wind above the icy margin of a snowfield. It would seem only natural to regard this plant as one of the hardest known, yet in England it soon succumbs to our wet winters unless it is covered by a sheet of glass from October until March.

Formerly Alpine plants were considered to be merely the remnants of an Arctic flora, which had become separated from their northern cousins and driven into the mountains at the close of the Glacial period by the invasion of a temperate flora following the retreat of the great ice-sheet. Yet the differences between the Alpine and Arctic plants are much greater than the resemblances, and the percentage of species which occurs in both regions is very small and much less than was formerly supposed to be the case. Indeed, typically Arctic plants, such as the dwarf birch, are extremely rare in the Alps, whilst, on the other hand, the plants which are most characteristic of the Alps—Alpine roses, edelweiss, auricula, dwarf medlars, soldanella, and many others—do not occur at all in the Arctic regions. The Alpine flora, in fact, is not the result of a migration from the north, but is a relic of a very ancient flora, which existed at a period long anterior to the great Ice age, and is indigenous to the mountain system extending eastwards through the Carpathians, Balkans and the Caucasus, as far as the Himalayas.

FELIX OSWALD.

A WOMAN'S THEOLOGY.

A WOMAN was walking along a wide country road bordered by fields. The sky overhead was a dome of grey, but lines of crimson barred the horizon. It was late afternoon in autumn; and the woman was returning to her post as the rectory governess. Already she could see the spire of the old church and the fleecy blue smoke that rose from the many chimneys of the rectory. She turned the last bend in the road which led her home, and before her she saw a man walking slowly, reading as he went. He was tall and well built; and she recognised the square shoulders and heavy walk of the Methodist minister stationed in the parish. She knew him well, and hastened to catch him up. He put his book into his pocket as he greeted her, but not before she had seen that it was the New Testament.

"Were you thinking out a sermon," she asked presently, "when I came up and interrupted you?"

"No; and yet, what I was thinking about might well be made into a sermon."

"What was it?"

"I was thinking of the doctrine of the Trinity."

"Yes? You are very keen on doctrine, are you not?"

"Of course I am! Doctrine is the framework, the foundation, the—the—everything."

"But lots of people can't grasp doctrine; how will you arrange for them?"

"Oh, simple folk must just drink in what they are told."

"But if they can't grasp it?"

"They can experience it, though!"

"Granted! There you speak as a true Methodist. But, in the same breath, you go away from your first point. Tell me, who makes, who creates, doctrine?"

He stared at her. Was she laughing at him? No, her blue eyes were quite serious and her parted lips were set in lines of questioning.

"We make it, of course," he replied shortly. "We men, who must try to explain the mysteries of the Divine in our poor human words."

She laughed softly, and her eyes lifted to the dome of grey.

"Just exactly what I think, I, the heterodox High Churchwoman! Then, why, tell me, does it matter so much about doctrine for mere ordinary men and women?"

"It *does* matter. Truth must be safeguarded."

"But Truth is so gloriously diverse. To you it is one thing, to me another. Will you let me explain to you what I mean? It is one of the comforts of our friendship that we can speak out, isn't it?"

"Tell me all you mean," he said, again in that short way of his that she knew so well.

"Over and over again when I am pondering the problems of theology, and at last I get into a whirl of conflicting thoughts, a sudden peace falls upon me, a sudden broad light floods my distracted mind. The peace and the light come from this idea which I feel, I experience, to be true; this idea of the Heart of the Eternal being wonderfully kind. Even to you I can hardly speak of it—the thought of this Infinite Greatness and Infinite Pity. Does He, our Father, the Holy God, *care* because one poor puny man thinks of Him as the Trinity and another man thinks of Him as Jesus Christ *only*, like the Swendeborgian, and still another takes a full Unitarian view of the great subject of the Nature of God?"

She paused, white with the intensity of her conviction.

"I must confess that I had not thought of that idea before," he said quietly, "but it is very fine, if heterodox."

With the quick change of mood that was so characteristic of her, she laughed and said tenderly:

"Think, John, of your own quiet self when you have a lot of children round you. Does it trouble you or vex you, or hurt your pride, if one child or another has not the slightest conception of you in your character as minister, but only thinks of you as a friend to be loved, as a kind person who is good to children?"

"I catch your meaning, of course. But . . ."

"No, I won't have *buts*! What I say on this is true to all eternity. In whatever way we think of God, even we who have been trained in doctrine, I believe He will overlook our many theories, our poor little human ideas of Him, if only we love Him and try to serve Him. It seems as if one could hear Him speak—and smile with the Divine light of His face as one man prays to Him under one name and another under another name! For instance, old Mrs. Guille always prays to our Blessed Lord, while her husband invariably begins his fine, simple prayers with 'Father, we lift our hearts to Thee.'

Tell me, are not both prayers accepted? I can believe nothing else. Oh, don't let us graft our petty pride and our petty ideas on our thought of God!"

He shook his head, this Methodist parson, for he was not convinced; and she was silent for a moment, disappointed. Then she said, passionately:

"Never mind! It is the very soul of consolation and strength to know that God is Himself and in Himself we are safe; while our spider nets of theology can be broken and vanish into nothingness, the Great Subject of Theology is Infinite and Wonderfully Kind . . ."

They were at the Rectory gate. She held out her hand, and it was in his for one second. Then he left her, a puzzled frown in his deep grey eyes.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[Under this heading writers discuss freely from their own point of view living problems of Religion, Ethics, and Social Reform, but the Editor does not assume responsibility for the opinions expressed.]

THE FUND FOR MISS COLENSO.

SIR,—I am this day forwarding a cheque for £196 to Lady Schwann, and enclosing my account. Should any stray subscriptions find their way to me, however, I will forward them individually to Lady Schwann. May I take this opportunity of thanking you for your courteous assistance in this work? I append the names of the subscribers who have communicated with me since my last letter to you.—Yours, &c.,

PHILIP H. WICKSTEED.

Childrey, near Wantage, Dec. 20.

Rev. R. Balmforth (Cape Town), Rev. W. Lawrence Schroeder, Mr. Thomas Atkins, Prof. C. S. Kenny, Miss M. E. Bache, Mr. Percy Lawford, Mr. W. A. Sharpe, Miss Alice L. Colfox, Miss C. Bishop, Mr. William Carter.

RUSKIN AND "THE CORNHILL."

SIR,—Are you not in error in stating that the editor of the *Cornhill Magazine* declined Ruskin's "Unto this Last"? I possess the early volumes of the magazine, and find the work in question in one of them.—Yours, &c.,

E. BASIL LUPTON.

147, Hyde Park-road, Leeds,
Dec. 18, 1909.

[We are obliged to Mr. Lupton for his correction, and can only plead an unaccountable lapse of memory. The facts are that Thackeray accepted Ruskin's papers, apparently quite unprepared for the storm they were destined to create. "His reputation as a writer and philanthropist," Mr. Collingwood writes in his "Life of Ruskin," "together with the friendliness of editor and publisher, secured the insertion of the first three—from August to October. Thackeray then wrote to say that they were so unanimously condemned and disliked that, with all apologies, he could only admit one more. So the series was brought hastily to a conclusion in November."—ED. INQ.]

BOOKS AND REVIEWS.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS.*

CAROL singing is one of the pleasant habits which connect the religion of to-day, in many respects so lacking in colour and sacred mirth, with that of the Middle Ages. It is our deep ancestral sentiments which respond so readily to the quaint imagery and the traditional airs. No part of the symbolism of Christmas links its merriment and its deeper religious uses in such complete accord. And there is reason for this; for while the picture language of the carol is connected chiefly with the Nativity, its lightheartedness retains the jollity of a popular festival before there had been any thought of special sacredness. The connection with the Church is emphasised by the recurrence of Latin refrains, reminiscent both in their cadences and in the actual words which are used of mediæval hymns, while the semi-dramatic character of many of the best known carols is evidently a survival of popular spectacles, the Christmas plays setting forth the Divine Mystery taking the place of others frankly pagan in their origin. All this is explained with adequate learning, and a happy use of historical illustration by Miss Rickert in the introduction to her admirable collection of our ancient carols. "The word carol," she says, "whatever its origin, is clearly associated at first with the idea of choric song. In French it is used regularly, as early as the beginning of the twelfth century, to describe the song-dance of spring and love that was in itself almost a rite at that time. In England the French word *carole* had been taken over before the beginning of the fourteenth century, and at first was used commonly in the secular sense; but, by some freak in philology, it came later to be applied almost entirely to Christmas songs, alike to those of a sacred character, such as in French have always been called *noëls*, and to songs of revelry." It is a curious fact that after the Reformation the carol tends to become less religious, and wassail songs, consecrated to feasting and good-fellowship, are more frequent. This was probably due, in large measure, to the disappearance of many popular religious sentiments and forms of devotion. The tender lullabies, for instance, in which the Mother and Child converse with a quaint simplicity, like that of Jacopone da Todi, lost their power of appeal. In addition to this, as Miss Rickert remarks, "there could be no more carols for saints' days, and even the Nativity itself had to be viewed less from a dramatic standpoint, and more as a scheme of salvation." Another interesting feature, which has survived to our day, is the prominence given in post-Reformation carols to the Story of the Shepherds. Miss Rickert is probably right in tracing some connection between this and the pastoral poetry which was fashionable among the later Elizabethans.

The present collection does not pretend to be exhaustive, but it includes what is best and most characteristic. It is arranged admirably according to subjects,

and there is a quite adequate supply of notes for a volume which is meant to be in the first place a book of delight. The illustrations, reproduced with great delicacy from mediæval Books of Hours, though lacking, of course, their glory of colour, help in no small degree to further this end. A few Christmas songs by later writers, from Ben Jonson to Christina Rossetti, have been given in an appendix; but, with the exception of these, nearly the whole of the contents of the volume is anonymous. It is traditional verse, handed down as part of a great religious festival, sung by bands of happy children or professional minstrels, crooned by generations of English mothers as they rocked their babies to sleep. We should be no wiser if we knew the names of the versifiers who played these endless variations, simple or fantastic, on the one theme, "Unto you is born this day, A Saviour who is Christ the Lord." It is the music of happy, popular devotion, its mirth, its fancy, its tender pity and its adoring gratitude in presence of the Sacred Mystery of Love.

CHARITY IN THE MIDDLE AGES.*

MISS CLAY has filled a gap in our historical literature on its social and economic side, and her contribution to the Antiquary's books is worthy, both in the interest of its subject and the thoroughness of its research, to take its place with Dr. Gasquet's volume in the same series on English Monastic Life. We can hardly give it higher praise. The time of its appearance is also very opportune, when the whole problem of the public provision for destitution and infirmity is under discussion. No doubt mediæval methods were unscientific, and they were in too close association with the Church and the charity of the pious founder to be very suggestive for a secular age like our own; but no history of public relief can be complete without this chapter of pre-Reformation effort. Many will agree with the Bishop of Bristol, when he expresses his gratification and surprise at the wealth of material which has been collected and organised in these pages, so as to tell a connected story. It has become almost a commonplace of history to speak of the Dissolution of the Monasteries as the immediate cause of the Elizabethan Poor Law. Probably there were other social and economic forces at work; but, be that as it may, it will be no longer possible to give the monasteries exclusive credit for concerted action to relieve misery in mediæval England. These other charitable institutions, of which upwards of 800 are set down in an appendix to this volume, must also be reckoned with. The hospital was, originally, as its name indicates, a house of hospitality. It provided shelter for the needy wayfarer, and especially, in some localities, for the crowds of pilgrims, both English and foreign, who flocked to Canterbury, or Walsingham, or Bury St. Edmunds. Gradually it became also a refuge for the sick and the destitute, charitable endowments being provided for a certain number of poor pensioners. An almshouse of this kind

might be in connection with a cathedral foundation, or under municipal control, or part of the social enterprise of one of the craft guilds. Others were more private or special in their character. Matthew Paris, for instance, describes the *Domus Conversorum* in London in the following terms:—"To this house converted Jews retired, leaving their Jewish blindness, and had a home and a safe refuge for their whole lives, living under an honourable rule with sufficient sustenance without servile work or the profits of usury." In many places there were also small clergy-homes, designed especially to give the comfort of a peaceful old age to "ministers of the altar whose strength is failing." Special provision was likewise made for fatherless children and widows, and there are some cases where food was provided for children who were receiving free education elsewhere.

One of the saddest and, at the same time, most obscure chapters of mediæval charity is connected with the treatment of the insane. To a large extent they were left to wander about exposed to the jeers and unkindness of the crowd, but special attacks of frenzy seem to have been treated in the ordinary infirmaries, while a few refugees were set apart permanently for those who were wrong in their wits. Miss Clay mentions, on the authority of Stow, that the earliest asylum of this kind was near Charing Cross, "but it was said that some time a king of England, not liking such a kind of people to remain so near his palace, caused them to be removed farther off to Bethlem without Bishopsgate." St. Mary of Bethlehem (de Bedlam) thus became the prototype of our great modern asylums for the insane, while its beautiful name survives in popular speech without any tender memories of the refreshment of the bread of life.

Miss Clay devotes considerable attention to the history of the English leper house. She has found documentary evidence for the existence of 200 leper hospitals, a fact eloquent of the ravages of the disease. At first the leper seems to have been avoided on account of his loathsomeness, and it was only later that the dread of infection became the chief motive for his enforced seclusion. There appears to be no reasonable doubt that leprosy in England is not to be understood in a vague generic sense, but was the same disease known by that name in the East. On the other hand, the theory that it was one of the malignant results of the Crusades, once widely prevalent, has yielded to more exact information. Leprosy was known in England before the Norman Conquest, and the leper house existed before the first Crusade. The disease raged up to the middle of the 13th century, when apparently it began to decline. Its final disappearance may be due chiefly to the havoc wrought by the Black Death among the poor and weakly part of the population, and the steady growth of national prosperity which led to healthier conditions of life. There is no more pathetic figure in mediæval life than the leper, with his bell or clapper to warn off the passer by, and his familiar cry—"Sum good, my gentyll mayster, for God's sake." Cut off from the society of his fellow men, deprived of his legal rights solemnly dedicated by religious ceremonies to the life of an outcast and a pariah, the

* Ancient English Christmas Carols, MCCC—MDC. Collected and arranged by Edith Rickert. London: Chatto & Windus. Pp. xxviii—317. 7s. 6d. net.

* The Mediæval Hospitals of England. By Rotha Mary Clay. With a preface by the Lord Bishop of Bristol. London: Methuen & Co. Pp. xxii—357. 7s. 6d. net.

only kindness left for him was the charity of the lazar house.

We have only touched briefly upon a few of the most important aspects of mediæval charity, which Miss Clay treats with such a wealth of detail. It is its wonderful diversity which will astonish many readers, and the serious effort to grapple with problems of poverty and misfortune for which we are still without a final remedy. Every chapter in the long history of Christian philanthropy, recovered from the records of the past, has its special and local value; but it has a still wider significance as an illustration of the ceaseless effort of men to practise the charity and goodwill of the Gospel.

THE MEADOWS OF PLAY.*

The Meadows of Play is the title of a little volume of verses by Margaret Arndt, a mother, and clearly one of the rather rare people who have a real understanding of the child nature. The book is introduced to us by one of the great big eternal children, who sometimes walk the earth masquerading as men, namely, G.K.C. We could wish that Mrs. Arndt had induced Mr. Chesterton to draw a picture of his little goddaughter in his own inimitable way. Barbara, we hope, is not so much in awe of her godfather as another little maid who, when she found herself in his huge presence ran away screaming "It's tall Agrippa, it's tall Agrippa, send him away." She must have thought that one of the creatures of her fancy had materialised at last, the giant who ate mountains for his dinner, and drank rivers for his tea. By the way are "tall Agrippa and the vanishing Augustus, and the Scissor man, and the flaming Harriet," known to this generation of children? There is such a plethora of books turned out for their special benefit from the publishers' mills, that there is a fear of the old classics being relegated to the limbo of prehistoric things. There never was, or ever will be a children's book so lovingly hugged as *Struwelpeter*. The very mention of its heroes makes little eyes gleam with happy memories. But this is a digression, and has nothing to do with Mrs. Arndt's poems, except that both books hail, like our toys, from Germany. There are some happy touches in the preface, that strike us instantly as emanating from some one who has the key to the child's mind, who knows it, as it were, from the inside. "Your mother," G.K.C. says "came from England where the soldiers and the pillar boxes are both red, to Germany, where the soldiers and the pillar boxes are both blue," and of Germany he adds, "there is no country that has so much understood that children live in Elf-land, that men and women before they grow up have to be elves for a little while."

There are illustrations in black and white by Edith Calvert. "The Fairy Lamp Posts" is a charming picture for an equally charming little poem.

The dandelion's puff-balls,
Gleam luminous and white,
These are the fairy lamp-posts
Lit on a moonless night.

* Elkin Mathews. 2s. 6d.

There is a quaint chubby baby holding a bunch of blue-bells standing among the trees, to illustrate "Pine Tree Hall."

Her busy little fingers

Discover pretty toys,

The pine trees strew each morning new

For baby girls and boys.

The poems are nearly all written round the baby Barbara and her sister Gretel, rather than for them, and will interest parents as well as children. Mrs. Arndt has pondered many things in her heart and has stored away there the thoughtful and amusing sayings of her little ones. The poetic versions of them that she gives us will give real pleasure to all mothers who have the understanding heart. And who will not echo her prayer—

Let Thy calm, O bless'd One!

Through my beating pulses run.

Let Thy love, Thy gentle grace,

Be reflected on my face.

Let the children see in me

Faint remembrances of Thee.

A book that has its origin in the land that *par excellence* understands the spirit of Christmas, must inevitably bring a Christmas greeting.

Once more we read the ancient story,

That nineteen centuries repeat,

Once more the star shines out in glory

That leads us to the Christ-child's feet.

Many of these little verses are admirably adapted for setting to music. Will not some happy mother who has the gift of music as Mrs. Arndt has of poetry, wed her words to tunes as simple and charming?

THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.*

It was the avowed intention of the editors of this History, which has now reached the fifth of its fourteen promised volumes, to furnish "an adequate treatment of secondary writers, instead of their being overshadowed by a few great ones," so "that something more than mere justice may be given to those less known and to so-called fugitive literature." Whether this is the best plan that could be adopted for a history, as distinguished from a cyclopædia or dictionary of literature, may be questioned, and the discussion would involve the determination of the respective influences of the few great and the host of lesser writers in determining the development of our literature. It would be at least fairly arguable that the multitude do not count at all in comparison with the super-eminent individuals, and that we should be none the worse off and in no different position if all works which rank below the second-class had never been written.

The editors have judged otherwise, and we have to accept their decision with respect, although the result is a volume like this last which deals with the prose and poetry of a hundred pregnant years without giving prominence to any writer of the highest repute. The dramatists will

have full justice done to them in the next two volumes, and the literature of the Revolution and the Commonwealth will be treated of in the seventh volume. So that attention is for the present directed rather to tendencies than to persons.

But the early translators occupy a place of their own as contributors to a national literature, for they must be judged mainly not by their own work, their style and accuracy and success in conveying the meaning of the original, but above all by the value of the treasure heretofore hidden from the mass of their countrymen which they make accessible to every reader. The translator of to-day can only aspire to do better what others have done before him. The Elizabethan translators had in mind, like the seamen of their day, to win for their native land new territory, and as Holland, the translator of Pliny, wrote in his preface, to subdue Roman literature "under the dent of the English pen." This Mr. Whibley sets forth in a single chapter, which makes us wish for a volume from him on the same subject.

But of all translations immeasurably the most important in its influence on our language and literature is that of the Bible, and it needed a skilful and impartial pen to deal with it. We cannot say that Professor Cook, of Yale, to whom the task has been assigned, has escaped statements which are highly controversial, as was almost inevitable in dealing at length with "the character of the Bible as a whole." By the whole he really means the parts most read and most justly admired, and he exalts these parts by depreciation of other great writings. The comparison of Hamlet's speech (Act II., Sc. 2), "This goodly frame the earth, &c.," the extempore utterance of a disappointed and reckless man, with the Psalm, "When I consider the heavens," is more ludicrous than impressive. And the saying, "After reading Isaiah or St. Paul's Epistle to the Hebrews, Homer and Virgil are disgustingly tame to me and Milton himself barely tolerable," albeit ascribed to Coleridge, is, we venture to say, as little worth quoting in praise of the Bible as it would be in support of the Pauline authorship of Hebrews.

This method, too, has the disadvantage that it offers to opponents the opportunity of like comparisons, of which we will suggest no examples, for all such are unfair, of contrasting passages from our Scriptures with others from ancient and modern Oriental and European sources, by no means to the credit of the former. Surely the Bible holds a position in the world's literature which none can dispute. What gain is to be looked for by contrasting it with literature of a wholly different character, with Pindar and Sappho (!) and Horace.

And of all books the English Bible is for us who speak its tongue the chief, and that quite irrespective of the opinion we hold as to the authority or value of the original. For it is indisputable, to quote the American Professor's concluding words, that "its influence can be traced through the whole course of English literature and English civilisation, and, more than anything else, it tends to give unity and perpetuity to both, and to hold united in a common loyalty and common endeavour the various branches of the English race."

* The Cambridge History of English Literature. Edited by A. W. Ward, Litt.D., Master of Peterhouse, and A. R. Waller, M.A. Vol. IV. Prose and Poetry, Sir Thomas North to Michael Drayton. Cambridge, 1909. Cloth, 9s. net.

THE SCULPTURES OF CHARTRES CATHEDRAL. Les Sculptures de la Cathédrale de Chartres. Text in English and French by Margaret and Ernest Marriage. Cambridge: At the University Press. Pp. xv—270, with 120 plates, 12s. net.

AMID the crowd of illustrated books which compete for temporary favour at the Christmas season, this volume may run some danger of being overlooked; though we think that no one with a taste for what is best in mediæval art, who takes it into his hand and examines it with care, is likely to be satisfied till he has placed it on his shelves. The sculpture at Chartres is bewildering in its profusion and magnificence. It is only rivalled by the glory of its thirteenth century glass. Nowhere else, not even, we think, in the Spanish chapel of Santa Maria Novella, or the jewelled interior of Monreale, does the world of mediæval religious ideas live embodied in such wealth of finely-wrought symbolism as in these three great porches. The authors of this beautiful book have devoted all the skill of modern photography to their illustration. Many of the plates have been taken with a tele-photographic lens, with the result that for minuteness and accuracy of detail nothing comparable to them has been produced before. There are in addition several plates of portions of the building; one of the gable and gallery of the west front which it is very difficult to see from the ground, and another of the superb rose window, may be mentioned as likely to arrest attention. The letterpress, which is given in English and French, is designed simply to explain the illustrations. For this purpose it is adequate. It is marked throughout by keen artistic appreciation, and by a commendable caution in attempting to identify some of the figures on very slender evidence. The difference of style between the sculpture of the west front, which belongs to the twelfth century, and the thirteenth century work of the north and south porches, is also emphasised in some detail. We wish, however, that it had fallen within the authors' plan to enlarge their introduction in two directions. In the first place it would be interesting to have the sculpture of Chartres brought into relation with the general development of French mediæval sculpture, and in particular with the artists and the guilds of handicraft who created it. We know that we must not ask what it is impossible to give, especially in the case of a great communal church like Chartres, as distinguished from a monastic foundation, which was in a literal sense the impersonal reflection of the spirit of the people. But, while names have perished, some recovery is possible of the antecedents of this consummate art; and it will be conceded that it is a subject upon which sources of information are not very accessible for the English reader. On the other matter we speak with less hesitation. A few more pages devoted to the scheme of thought, the moral and religious symbolism, which still lives in these porches for those who possess the key, would have made the whole book more illuminating. It is only the mediævalist who can be trusted to understand a

reference to the *Speculum* of Vincent of Beauvais, while it is not everybody who is fortunate enough to have Mâle's fascinating book, to which we are glad to see frequent reference is made, on his shelves. It is remarkable that Mâle has not yet found a translator. The Cambridge University Press would confer a boon upon all who desire to understand French mediæval art on its intellectual and symbolical side, if they would give us a translation of *L'Art religieux du 13e siècle en France*. It is a companion which we desire to have at hand continually for reference as we turn over these delightful and unique pages about Chartres.

MEN AND MANNERS OF OLD FLORENCE. By Guido Biagi. London: T. Fisher Unwin. Pp. 320. 15s. net.

IN this handsome and well-illustrated volume Dr. Biagi has collected five essays, based largely upon original research, dealing with the social life of Florence. His object is apparently to paint the background against which the great figures, Dante, Savonarola, Lorenzo the Magnificent, stand out with startling clearness; to accomplish, in other words, one of the most difficult tasks of the historian, and call back to life the undistinguished crowd of a past age. Dr. Jessopp, in a series of volumes, which seem, alas! to have come to an end, Jusserand, in his "Wayfaring Life," and Dr. Gasquet in some of his essays, have done this for the life of mediæval England. Dr. Biagi has hardly accomplished a similar piece of work, either through lack of the necessary materials, or because, as we think most likely, the obsession of wealth and artistic magnificence in the case of Florence is too strong to be defied; but, at the same time, he has given us many interesting glimpses into daily life and habit, the constant danger of fire, the windows covered with oiled linen instead of glass, the uncleanly interiors, the slave-girls who did the menial offices of the household, the bizarre scenes in the market place, the street brawls, often ending in bloodshed. The essay on "The Mind and Manners of a Florentine Merchant of the Fourteenth Century" is from this point of view the most important in the book. It is based chiefly on a "Book of Good Examples and Good Manners" belonging to the fourteenth century preserved in the Riccardi Library. In its worldly prudence and sanctified common-sense it has apparently many affinities with the Book of Proverbs, and is hardly so piquant in its contents as many of the *Libri Exemplorum* provided as popular aids for the mediæval preacher. Among the wise words of this old writer are the following:—"Thou wilt more often repent having spoken than having kept silence." "Go to church upon Feast Days, and upon the other days when thou canst safely and properly leave thy shop or thy warehouse." "Make it always thy custom to see the lights and the fire in the house extinguished, and be thou always the last to go to bed in thine house, and search the house for lights or fire, and see that the door is securely fastened, and likewise the windows." "Give heed to the small sums thou spendest out of the house, for it is they

which empty the purse and consume wealth, and they go on continually. And do not buy all the good victuals which thou seest, for the house is like a wolf, the more thou givest it the more it doth devour." The foresight and thriftiness of this old Florentine guide him even in the choice of a wife, and he would evidently have been a stout upholder of the modern school of Eugenics: "Take great heed that the wife thou chooseth is not born of a family where there is sickness, or consumption, or scrofula, or madness, or scurvy, or gout, for it often happeneth that the children who are born of her have all or some of these faults or blemishes." A word of praise is due to the numerous and excellent illustrations, several of them taken from manuscript sources in the Florentine libraries.

CHRISTIAN IDEAS AND IDEALS. By R. L. Ottley. Longmans, Green & Co. Pp. xiv—400. 7s. 6d. net.

CANON OTTLEY'S book contains the substance of lectures given to candidates for the ministry, and it belongs quite as much to the domain of pastoral theology as to that of ethics in the more abstract and philosophical sense of the term. It is concerned chiefly with Christianity as it issues in personal and social morality, together with the motives and the religious faith which are the hidden springs of conduct. So far from these limits being any disadvantage, they add greatly to the practical usefulness of the book for ordinary people, for whom the higher moralities of life are still closely connected with religious teaching. With Canon Ottley's fundamental position we are in close agreement. Christianity is not a new law but a new principle of life. It is a statement which cannot be repeated too often, for it is equally essential for theology and for conduct. "Salvation," Canon Ottley writes, "means the recovery of life. To 'save a soul' is to rescue manhood in its entirety from those evils—avarice, sloth, idleness, sensuality, frivolity, doubt, despair—which tend to waste and paralyse its energies." And the method of Christian salvation is to bring the soul under the influence of a Person, who is, first of all, a quickening Spirit before he becomes a Law of life. The first need of struggling humanity is the need of power, and power is only given with inward newness of life. "In the God of Christian worship the moral ideal is alive, and reigns upon the throne of the universe." It is from this point of view that Canon Ottley affirms that religious ethics are wholly concerned with the right development of personality. The lines of this right development he proceeds to map out over the wide territories of personal Christian duty, and the relation of the individual to the family, the State, and the Church. Into these matters, full of absorbing interest as they are, we cannot follow him here, nor do we wish to pay him the poor compliment of complete agreement. He touches many problems, e.g., the scope of State action, the relations of Church and State, and the ethics of conformity, where there is ample room for difference among sensible and earnest men. We desire simply to commend the book for its many fine and inspiring qualities. It is written with wide knowledge of

human life and real insight into its difficulties, and it is pervaded by a kindling religious idealism in its treatment alike of personal goodness and social justice, which is continually bringing the reader back to the simplicity of first principles. And so it is that Canon Ottley reaffirms at the close the cardinal truth with which he began: "The Gospel is not merely a revelation of the divine nature—rich, satisfying, many-sided, and corresponding profoundly to the complex needs of humanity; nor merely a system of ethics—spiritual, comprehensive, and in the truest sense practical. It is a principle of life, of energy, of movement; it heightens vitality; it makes for efficiency in work and for greatness of character."

LONDON AT PRAYER. By Charles Morley.
London: Smith, Elder & Co. 7s. 6d.

MR. CHARLES MORLEY is a clever writer; his collection of sketches, with full-page pictures, of London church life and worship shows a sympathetic mind and an artistic gift. People who go to their own place of worship regularly should certainly gain instruction by accompanying him through the length and breadth of our great city and seeing other congregations with his eyes. Those who sit apart, judging all creeds and holding none, should find food here for thought and a problem not to be lightly dismissed. Such an author is not to be judged too hardly; he is a journalist out for "copy," and no doubt writes what a shrewd calculation considers best fitting to the readers of a popular magazine. He covers a wide range of observation—City churches, St. Paul's, the Abbey, the Jews, Salvation Army, the Charterhouse, the "Foundling," the Quakers, the Boys' Brigade, the Mission Hall—such are typical of the scenes he depicts. The one really important omission is that which, after all, counts for most in the actual religious life of London, viz., the usual unsensational routine in the countless "ordinary" churches and chapels. On the whole, one had better study Mr. Charles Booth's pages and those of Mr. Mudie-Smith, if he wishes to be in possession of the essential facts. As a fair specimen of this rather light ware—perhaps the more attractive, therefore, to most—here is a paragraph of Mr. Morley's book:—

"The strange, the unexpected, are hidden in the byways and backwaters of this immense London. On the morrow I am in another burial ground I had curiosity to see, to complete my story, where other non-conforming bones lie mouldering in the earth. I am in a green enclosure, square in shape, surrounded by the backs of houses, some very old, others quite new. A portion of this space is fenced off, and in four small grass plots, divided one from the other by a narrow path, are buried the Moravians, according to their strange rule, the married men in one, the married women in another, the single men in a third, the single women in a fourth, each deep down in the earth, each covered by a small stone, so sunken that the grass almost hides it. The sight of this patch, another relic, touches a chord, as does an old ruin, a faded bit of handwriting, and once again helps to lighten up the past history of that humble church, which seems to have shrunk

from the cold public gaze; happy were it left to go its own obscure way, and which yet taught Wesley that religion, after all, was an affair of the heart, and taught him to live sweetly at peace with God, through Jesus Christ our Saviour, as John Bunyan has it. I think so keen a humorist as Sir Thos. More would have smiled had he foreseen that the walls of his famous house in Chelsea should one day guard the graves of schismatics; but yonder it is, those ruddy bricks a few yards away! Such are the strange tricks of fate which no man can combat. It lies down by the river bank, amongst those crooked old houses which are the joy of painters. . . . There . . . I believe, it is that artists pray."

THE CAMBRIDGE MODERN HISTORY. Vol. VI.
The Eighteenth Century. Pp. xxxviii—1019. Cambridge: at the University Press. 16s. net.

THIS sixth volume is varied in content; from the accession and absorption of the Hanoverian kings in the English constitution, Walpole and the Pelhams, the new régime in Ireland, Jacobitism and the Union in Scotland, to the reign of the Bourbons in France and Spain, the war of the Austrian succession, the impressive career of Frederick the Great and the recognition of Prussia as one of the "Powers," Catherine II. of Russia, the English predominance in India, and the colonial struggles in the West. But, in spite of this, the volume has limits to its capacity and value. It runs in a succession of able chapters; but one misses in it a unity of treatment and of a dominant idea, as in that of Gibbon.

The nature and the number of the events detailed is in itself an obstacle; and, further than this, there is the difficulty of those movements which, extending over many decades or even centuries, require more coherence than the fact of being included in a single volume. Again, alluring as the narratives may be, they suffer the common lot of all work which is encyclopædic. Nothing but a single concentration on special points can satisfy the curiosity aroused by such an acquaintance with them as this history gives. A concentration of that kind would make the history interminable. And yet, the way in which events are here recorded provokes an interest in them, for which only a thorough research can give satisfaction. For example, the pages which describe Chatham's rise, his policy and administration, his relation to Rockingham, the Temples, and to foreign powers, are full of nice scholarship, but they lack that personal estimate of motives and character, which Macaulay, in his study of the same man, had space and liberty to make, the result being that, even if inaccurate in some details, Macaulay gives a deeper satisfaction to the practical student of history. Similar criticism could be directed against the treatment of Clive, Hastings, Walpole, and others, whose personalities are elements worthy of valuation, even in a strictly scientific treatise of history. But, as has been said, such a method of treatment would lead to much difficulty in a work of this nature.

With those historical figures who are not responsible for the principal actions of their nation, there is greater opportunity for discussion, as their actions are of less impor-

tance than their ideas. These opportunities have not been passed by. The present volume contains an interesting account of Law's financial and commercial schemes in France and Louisiana, his character, and ideas. A notice of him also introduces a short review of the economic experiments of his day, and this attention, though brief, to the economic influences in history is extremely welcome in this standard work. The volume concludes with two subsidiary chapters, the one on "The Political Theorists of the 17th and 18th Centuries," the other on "The Romantic Movement in European Literature." The latter again suffers from compression. As it has no direct bearing on political action, it does not command adequate space; the result is that it falls between two stools. To the severe historian it is negligible, to the man of letters scanty. Letters, being part and parcel of personalities, are only matter for an intimate and leisurely discourse. The chapter on political philosophy, however, from Hobbes to Hume, is, as it were, the serial to the volume; and one is left with a pleasant anticipation for it to be continued with Burke and Rousseau. It appears at an interesting time in constitutional questions, and the compass of thought contained in it is very suggestive reading to all who are interested in constitutions, especially our own. Apart from this, the brief appreciation of Hobbes, Locke, and, we are happy to add, of Sidney, is felicitous. The logic and imperturbable spirit of Hobbes, his assertion of sovereignty, the vindication of liberal principles and of the popular will by Locke are a stirring text for our meditations at the present day.

The close of the year is a good opportunity to call attention to the monthly series of sermons issued by the Rev. E. I. Fripp, of Leicester, with the picturesque title "The Spade and the Sickle." The second series has been issued in a small volume in grey boards, and may be ordered from Mr. Fripp, at the Great Meeting, Bond-street, Leicester. The sermons are representative of Mr. Fripp's broad Christian teaching, quickened with high emotion and his well-known devotion to literature and art.

We are glad to welcome a reprint of the History of the Rosslyn Hill Congregation, Hampstead, by Dr. Sadler, which was first issued in 1882. The occasion of the unveiling of a memorial brass tablet, the gift of Mr. E. B. Squire, in the Congregational Room (formerly the chapel), to commemorate the ministers from 1695 (?) to 1862, suggested the republication. A supplement has been added containing some personal memories and an appreciation of Dr. Sadler's ministry and influence by Mr. E. B. Squire, and some interesting and valuable historical notes by Mr. Henry Sharpe. (At the Priory Press, 70, High-street, Hampstead.)

We have received the Unitarian Pocket Book and Diary for 1910 (London: Essex Hall, Essex-street, Strand, W.C. 1s. 3d.), convenient in form and excellent in arrangement, as usual. Also the Directory of Unitarian Ministers and Congregations for 1910 (same publishers, 3d. net), being a convenient extract, suitable for the pocket,

from the Essex Hall Year Book, which will be published shortly.

The Sunday School Association (Essex Hall) has sent us a tasteful motto card for 1910. The motto is, "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand." It is illustrated with a figure of the Sower, designed by Miss A. M. Odgers, and printed in colours.

LITERARY NOTES.

DR. SEBASTIAN EVANS, author of the "High History of the Holy Graal," and other books dealing with the Arthurian legend, has just died at Canterbury in his 80th year. He published a volume of poems nearly forty-five years ago, and has written on numerous subjects, literary and archæological.

A MONUMENT to the memory of Lombroso is to be erected in Verona, and an international subscription for this purpose is being organised.

"INTO the Fighting Line," by the Bishop of London, and Mr. G. K. Chesterton's "Ball and the Cross" (Messrs. Wells Gardner, Darton & Co.), will not appear until about the middle of January.

AN exceptional feature of the new library at Smith College, Massachusetts, is a room which is to be preserved "for those who wish to read purely for the joy of reading, rather than for some academic reason." It will be furnished with the best of the world's literature. The main reading-room of the library has tables and seats for 192 persons, and the building has cost £25,000, half of which has been contributed by Mr. Andrew Carnegie.

MESSRS. SOTHEY are circulating a very interesting pamphlet entitled "A Century of Birmingham Life." It contains portraits of the author of "John Inglesant"—who was born in Birmingham in 1834 and died in 1903—a view of Old Edgbaston church, where he was buried, and a hundred gleanings from the history of the family.

MR. FREDERICK GREENWOOD, whose death occurred last week, became the joint-editor of *Cornhill*, when Thackeray retired, and afterwards took over the sole control of the magazine. Those who have not already heard the story will be interested to learn that Thomas Hardy was discovered by Greenwood. Rummaging one day in the sixpenny box of a second-hand book-stall, as he was very fond of doing, he picked up a book with the title (now familiar to most people) "Under the Greenwood Tree." He read it, and was so impressed with the book that he sought out the author, and commissioned him to write a story for the *Cornhill*. That story was "Far from the Madding Crowd," which made Mr. Hardy's reputation.

SIR ROBERT ANDERSON, K.C.B., writing in *Blackwood's Magazine* on "The Lighter Side of My Official Life," speaks of Charles Reade, whose description of Australian scenes in "Never Too Late to Mend," were considered by Frederick Locker so vivid and accurate that he must have been astounded when told that nothing could tempt the great novelist to cross the ocean. "I was once asked," says Sir Robert, "to put before him a very flattering proposal for a lecture tour in America. I gave him the particulars, ending by naming the proffered fee of I forget how many thousand pounds. 'Tell them to make it millions,' was the only answer he vouchsafed to it."

THE Rev. R. J. Campbell's presidential address, Mr. Hall Caine's fine address on "The Spiritual Brotherhood of Mankind," and Mr. Bernard Shaw's speech at the Progressive League Demonstration in the City Temple, together with the whole of Mr. Campbell's book "The New Theology," are being published in a single volume by the *Christian Commonwealth*, price 1s. net.

THE January number of the *Church Socialist Quarterly* will contain contributions by C. Rann Kennedy (whose play, "The Servant in the House," was the subject of a recent article in our columns), G. K. Chesterton, J. R. Clynes, M.P., Cecil Chesterton, and the Rev. Conrad Noel.

A SAVONAROLA play, "The Monk of San Marco," by Miss Sybil Ruskin (Miss Raphael) has been produced by the Play Actors. The authoress played the part of Bianca Bernardini, who, disguised as a boy artist, becomes a protégé of Savonarola and a friend of Michael Angelo. The play was very cordially received.

MR. ROBERT CULLEY announces for immediate publication a life of the great educationist and theologian, James Harrison Rigg, D.D. The volume is written by John Telford, B.A., and illustrates the personal friendship existing between Drs. Rigg and Dean and Lady Augusta Stanley, W. E. Forster, Matthew Arnold, and many other celebrities. It includes a number of letters from these friends, also from Charles Kingsley, Archbishop Temple and others.

A SERIES of letters written from Japan by Lafcadio Hearn will be published shortly in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

From MESSRS. BURNS & OATES:—Saint Ignatius Loyola: Francis Thompson. Edited by J. H. Pollen, S.J. 100 illustrations by H. W. Brewer and others. 10s. 6d. net.

MESSRS. T. & T. CLARK:—Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics: edited by James Hastings, M.A., D.D., with the assistance of John A. Selbie, M.A., D.D., and other scholars. Vol. II. 28s. net.

MESSRS. P. S. KING & SON:—The Crisis of Liberalism: New Issues of Democracy. J. A. Hobson. 6s. net.

MEMORIAL NOTICE.

ALDERMAN MARTINEAU.

IN the death of Robert Francis Martineau Birmingham loses one of its foremost citizens, and one who will be greatly missed in many spheres of social, educational and philanthropic activity. His father, Robert Martineau, a brother of Harriet and James Martineau, held a distinguished place in the city of his adoption, filling the offices both of alderman and mayor. Public spirit and public service seemed to be in the blood, and a binding family tradition. The elder son, Sir Thomas, was also alderman, and twice filled the office of mayor, being knighted by the Queen at the opening of the Birmingham Law Courts. Robert, affectionately known as "Frank" Martineau, served on the Town Council for 35 years, his energies being specially devoted to Health and Education. Yet his official work as member of the Corporation comprised only a small portion of his labours for the community. It is not too much to say that Birmingham has never had a public man more devoted to social welfare than R. F. Martineau. He began his career 57 years ago as secretary of the fund raised in Birmingham for the relief of the Lancashire sufferers by the cotton famine during the American War. From that time onward there has scarcely been an effort in the direction of social reform or educational efficiency with which he was not associated. For twenty years he almost carried on his shoulders the great central educational institution of the town, the Midland Institute. Subsequently he became chairman of the noble technical school once called "Martineau's Folly," but now by every one acknowledged as one of Birmingham's most valuable foundations of learning. He was one of the founders of the Sunday Lecture Society, the Hyde Society, the coffee-house movement, chairman of the Homœopathic Hospital, the Peace and Arbitration Society, the first treasurer of the Athletic Institute. Moreover, he was the friend of the oppressed everywhere. Men sometimes called him quixotic on account of the causes he espoused. But no one ever questioned his absolute sincerity nor the purity of his motives. He had none of the miserable aims that end in self; no axe to grind; no personal advantage to seek. Gracious and courteous in manners, he yet never flinched from the odium of standing up for the unpopular cause if it seemed to him the cause of truth, freedom and justice. Together with his devoted sisters he offered the most pleasant hospitality to friendless young people, especially teachers and students coming to the town. This notice may very well conclude by a quotation from the striking eulogy uttered by the Vice-Principal of the University at the last meeting of the Education Committee: "If," said the speaker, "I were to try to describe his character in brief I should have to use a word which has gone rather out of being in these days; perhaps because specimens have become rather rare. I should call him one of the saints. Whether we agreed with him or not I am sure all will agree with me in this—

that the public life of this city will be the poorer and the discussions of this committee will on certain occasions lack a certain dignity and moral elevation because we no longer have his saintly character before us." J. W.

SERMON.

JESUS AND CHRIST.*

BY THE REV. F. K. FREESTON.

"This Jesus whom I preach is the Christ."—Acts xvii. 3. "Showing by the Scriptures that Jesus was the Christ."—xviii. 28.

THE supreme personality of Christian history is Jesus of Nazareth in Galilee. No one to-day can either deny or take away that admitted historic supremacy. Fragmentary as may be his external biography, none of us can plead ignorance of what he purposed and what he was. Authentic fragments are there, each recognised by due likeness of feature; and when they are placed together they make up a consistent picture. Hence the positive evidence does not need the negative safeguard that Jesus could not have been invented. Through his significant conduct at any moment we can gaze into his very heart, we can touch the very hem of his garment. He is a figure which breathes, a picture which lives. We actualise him with greater vividness than we do Socrates or Marcus Aurelius. He occupies, that is to say, a fixed and manifest place in history; he is firstly and clearly a full, real human personality. Therefore, assuredly we cannot let any theory take away Jesus of Galilee any more than Francis of Assisi. If doctrinaire theologians attempt to persuade us otherwise, if they try to force upon us a choice between Jesus and something else, that is, *against* Jesus, then, I say, we must unhesitatingly stand by the human Jesus of history.

The Jesus of history was crucified on Calvary and buried in a rock tomb hard by. Was this, then, the end—a cross and a grave, a futile tragedy and final dismay? Was it not natural, nay inevitable, that such a man and such a teaching should leave a wonder-working impression, a divine inspiration, which must pass on its holy quickening to those who had heard and seen him, and thence to those again who had neither heard nor seen? Even we ourselves, after near a score of centuries, we so calmly self-possessed with our critical, rational, and doctrinal proclivities, even we at this distance are caught up by this influence, or bowed down by this reverence. Is there one of us who is not constrained to exclaim with Matthew Arnold:—

"Oh, had I lived in that great day,
How had its glory new
Fill'd earth and heaven, and caught away
My ravished spirit too!

No thoughts that to the world belong
Had stood against the wave
Of love which set so deep and strong
From Christ's then open grave.

* Preached in Essex Church, Kensington, on Sunday, December 12, 1909.

No lonely life had passed too slow,
When I could hourly scan
Upon his cross, with head sunk low,
That nail'd, thorn-crown'd Man!"

By why then does Arnold conclude that this was the end, the life in vain, the death dumb?

"Now he is dead! Far hence he lies
In the lorn Syrian town;
And on his grave, with shining eyes,
The Syrian stars look down.

In vain men still, with hoping new,
Regard his death-place dumb,
And say the stone is not yet to,
And wait for words to come."

O blindness sad and strange! The things of the spirit cannot thus be hindered, and are oftener helped by cross and thorns, by loss and death. There is no gain except by loss. There is no life except by death. Jesus, though dead, by his death yet speaketh. Although his external ministry ceased on Calvary, his spiritual ministry has continued through Christianity and has never, therefore, ceased to be. Christianity may be regarded most truly as an embodied, an enshrined personality. As the living Jesus spirit in the world of act and thought, it cannot come to a stop with the oral teaching of Jesus himself, for he announced great universal principles which have to be applied and practised afresh by each succeeding age. We have, therefore, to link on to Jesus the man who died in Palestine, this after effect, this further result, of his life and work, his principle and gospel, his example and ideal upon the human soul.

How was this effect brought about? It ought not to be difficult to reply, although the earliest evidence is scanty. Upon the immediate disciples of Jesus the tragedy of the cross must have fallen with staggering awfulness, to be followed, however, later with remembrance infinitely precious and tender of their Friend and Master, and a remembrance not alone of what he had said and done, but of the love and look and tone which revealed what he had been. Upon those, not disciples, who had yet been in his presence, there must have remained the remembrance of a beautiful, tranquil holiness which could yet flash out into hot indignation against wrong, of a devout and complete submission to the will of heaven, and of an amazing forgiveness, a yearning tenderness towards repentant wrongdoers. And so he had startled both disciple and people with an altogether new ideal, wonderful, merciful, pitiful, only half believed in, whilst he was living, but now sacred with holiest affection and conviction after he himself is taken from them. Then the more simple spread the fame of his marvellous works of healing with, doubtless, some unconscious exaggeration. Could he have been an ordinary man? Must he not have been specially chosen, specially sent from heaven with a divine message and mission? Was he, in fine, said the next generation, who had never seen him but only heard of him, *was* he the Messiah of Jewish promise, was he at last the expected Christ? To the taunt of the high priest he had claimed that he was. "I adjure thee by the living God that thou tell us whether thou be the Christ." And Jesus answered,

"Thou hast said." But for this reply he was held guilty of blasphemy, condemned to die, buffeted with blows, flouted with mocking sneers of "Prophecy unto us, thou Christ." But *was* he the Christ? asked others with ever-increasing insistence, until there came a man of deep spiritual understanding, a man who had never seen Jesus and had even persecuted his followers, but a man who then beheld him in a vision, obeyed the heavenly call, became an Apostle of the Gospel, and boldly preached it to all, both Jew and Gentile, because *he* did believe at least that Jesus *was* the Christ.

When Paul made thus his missionary text, as ours, "*This Jesus whom I preach is the Christ,*" the religion of the human Jesus of history was for ever saved thereby through the Pauline Christ of Christianity. There are those, we know well, who say that but for Paul the Apostle we should never even have heard of Jesus at all, never have known the Christian religion, never have witnessed the Christian Church. That seems a hypothesis which it is useless to discuss. We cannot claim, surely, to know the counsels of the Most High. This is not the only case in history where the right man has risen providentially to meet and lead the need of the day, and thus fulfil human destiny. Suffice it to say that this *was* the evident turning point in the development of Christianity. Before this all that has taken place may be expressed in the word Jesus; after this it must be expressed in the word Christ. And to-day our task is this—to recognise and realise this difference for such worth as it holds, yet not to be forced into a divisive choice; but to remember, rather, how the one leads into the other, and then blend the two together. Jesus or Christ is not our dilemma, but Jesus and Christ our joint endeavour.

Nevertheless many question arise. What does Paul mean, we ask, by Christ? Does he rightly interpret Jesus for us? Does orthodox Christianity interpret Paul rightly? Does the united Christianity of Jesus and Paul jointly, really and adequately suffice to-day? Time only permits very brief replies. Note, first, this difference, for it is of much importance. Jesus was a divine idealist and transcendentalist, a prophet, a poet, a mystic, a saint. He lives and he loves, and he does not analyse; he obeys, and does not question; he knows, and does not explain; he feels, and does not argue with anyone. In one sense he taught a religion, but in another and truer he *was* his religion. Spiritual religion always spreads by personal contagion rather than by theological teaching. But Paul was essentially a theologian. Though he had never seen Jesus in the flesh, and of the Jesus of history has nothing to say, yet he entered deeply into the mind of Jesus, and said, Let the same mind dwell in you; and he connected, nay identified, Jesus with the Christ expected by the Jews. Not, however, it is very plain, with their form of expectation; therefore he had to explain. The Christ symbolised by Jesus had introduced a new ideal; he was to bring God not only to the Jew, but also to the Gentile; he was to show God as not local or national, but universal, for in every nation he that worketh righteousness is acceptable; and he was to dwell in the heart not by law or precept, not by deed or good work, but by love and faith; love

without which we are nothing, faith by which we are able to comprehend the love passing knowledge and the fulness of God. By this faith we are justified and saved; in this love there is liberty of spirit, for love is the fulfilling of the law. From this love of God revealed by Christ nothing can separate us, for it makes us more than conquerors, since we are Christ's, and Christ is God's. For Paul, then, Christ is the divine man of God's intention, beginning as the Jesus of history, but becoming the Christ of theology. Known at first as actual and personal, he must now be known no less as ideal and universal, a living Christ for all, an avenue of the divine, a mediator between God and man. His aim is not to portray the person, but to interpret his spirit and to articulate his thought. Hence arose inevitably the Pauline theology—the doctrines about Jesus in one who had not seen Jesus. Theology is a human attempt to express in terms of thought the implicit content of the spirit. The spirit is all-important, for no theology can produce it; but, given the spirit, Paul's theology then came out of it; and it represented the religion of Jesus as one of mediation and redemption, of justification and life everlasting.

But if Paul, on the whole, represented Jesus well in this Christ ideal, has Christian orthodoxy represented rightly Paul's theology? Certainly it has not, but as certainly it made the attempt. Paul himself has nothing to say of God as a Trinity, nor of Christ as a deity, nor of the Holy Spirit as a personality. He knows nothing of the atonement, or of the incarnation. The latter represents the Fourth Gospel attempt to bring the Greek Logos into touch with the historic Jesus, with the inmost essence of God himself, and with the course and purpose of the universe. Jesus was the Word made flesh; but the thought of Paul is not particular, but universal. Know you not that ye—that is everybody—are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you? The Spirit beareth witness with our spirits that we are sons of God Himself. Current Christianity has still to learn from Paul of an incarnation not local and Christological, but personal and universal. But it is said by others in these wondrous days of science and nature knowledge: Even if you combine into one accumulated revelation the historic teachings of Jesus and the theological teachings of Paul, and the whole subsequent experience of Christianity and the Christian Church—how can that suffice beneath the infinity and the eternity of the universe? Do you remember Dr. Martineau's reply to this: "The heavens do declare the glory of God and the firmament indeed showeth His handywork. But the stars are cold and reflect no rays of love; their courses are steadfast and answer not the pulses of our passions or our prayers; their spaces are still and calm as the wilderness, whether our temper is sweet and holy, or heaving in the tumult of the wildest sin. There is something which, the Creator hath not written on their face," something which we do read in Christ. "If there is to be any expression of the Divine Character at all it can only be through the lineaments of an individual soul, through a spirit, in short, at once grand and gracious as that of

Jesus, which bears down upon us with a persuasiveness which neither the whispers of our natural heart nor the thunders of supernatural power can ever exercise."

Oh, friends, we need not miss, we must not lose that conviction, that revelation. I care not overmuch, however important to the theologian, whether we speak of Jesus or Christ, for we need them both in the life of the spirit. The spirit of the Christian religion has, indeed, long settled the question by combining them in one in the usage of Jesus Christ. It has been said that in doing this we build the Church's one foundation upon a hyphen. That is not a fault, but a fact. Despite the obvious differences which distress the Christian Church to-day, who can yet deny that a kind of persistent identity runs through the distracted ages and across the sundered sects, and a truly healthy catholicity will try to discern and emphasise the agreements rather than denounce the contrarieties. But denominational ambitions and sectarian schemes too wholly monopolise our aims. Some hence seem willing to lose the teacher in his teachings; others to lose the history in the Christology; others to lose the spiritual in the dogmatical. Let ours be the task to rescue from bondage, and secure for our age, the love and liberty, the spirituality and catholicity which, when allowed free way, are the real energy of Christ's Christianity. But these things of the spirit we cannot communicate by abstract statement; they await the proof and effect of a concrete embodiment. Such is the eternal and personal significance of Jesus Christ. Christians of all schools have found in him the most loving medium of the divine, their strength in weakness, comfort in tribulation, hope in the night of doubt, trust in the hour of death.

Thus does Jesus become the Christ; thus doth the Man of Nazareth become the Christ of faith; thus do we find out why his name and secret lie so close and deep in the innermost heart and spirit of the religious life. And as life declines and strength wanes, as the world recedes and death approaches, we shall be drawn ever more to the Man who knew sorrow and suffering, yet endured to the end, overcame the world, and now liveth beyond the ford where our life is hid with Christ in God.

"Carry me over the long last mile,
Man of Nazareth, Christ for me!
Weary I wait by Death's dark stile,
In the wild and the waste, where the
wind blows free,
And the shadows and sorrows come out of
my past
Look keen thro' my heart,
And will not depart,
Now that my poor world has come to its
last!

Lord, is it long that my spirit must wait?
Man of Nazareth, Christ for me!
Deep is the stream, and the night is late,
And grief blinds my soul that I cannot
see.
Speak to me out of the silences, Lord,
That my spirit may know
As forward I go,
Thy pierc'd hands are lifting me over the
ford!"

NEWS OF THE CHURCHES.

Special Notice to Correspondents.—Items of news for this column should be sent immediately after the event, and should reach the office on Wednesday, except in the case of meetings held too late in the week to make this possible.

Downpatrick Bi-Centenary.—A very successful three days' bazaar was held in the Assembly Hall last week by the members of the First Presbyterian Non-subscribing Church, Downpatrick. Inspired by their respected minister, Rev. M. S. Dunbar, and Mrs. Dunbar, they adopted this practical means of celebrating a historic event—the 200th anniversary of the founding of the church in Stream-street. The intention is to renovate the church, manse, and schoolroom. Prior to 1710, the Presbyterians had worshipped in a church, for over fifty years, at the Flying Horse, about one mile outside Downpatrick. They then acquired a town site at Stream-street, on which stands the picturesque church, embosomed in trees, and surrounded by the graves of many generations. Rev. Thomas Nevin was the minister. He was an ardent defender of the principle of non-subscription, his firm adhesion to which led to his being excluded from communion by the Synod in 1724, two years before the exclusion of the Antrim Presbytery. His son and then his grandson occupied the pulpit after him down to 1789. Dr. James Nelson succeeded, and was followed by his son, Rev. S. C. Nelson, who for the last twenty years of his life had for a colleague Rev. David Gordon. Mr. Nelson died in 1891. Thereupon Mr. Gordon assumed sole charge, but died shortly afterwards in 1893. These names, with that of Rev. M. S. Dunbar, seven in all, make up the roll of the ministers of this church for the last 200 years. No project could have been taken up with more energy and enthusiasm. Mr. and Mrs. Dunbar were warmly supported by Mr. Joseph Newman, and the officers of the church, Mr. S. C. N. Lowry and Mr. H. Dickson, congregational treasurer and secretary respectively, and by the members generally, but particularly by the ladies, and a special meed of praise is due to Miss Jordan, who acted as bazaar secretary with the utmost efficiency. There were on the floor of the hall, three workstalls, each with distinctive signs and artistic colours, each laden with a multifarious assortment of plain and fancy articles; also, a utility stall, in the form of an Irish cottage, to which there was an annexe, in the shape of an art gallery. The refreshment stall occupied the platform, which was screened off by a proscenium. The general display was very attractive. All had contributed of their best. At the opening ceremony on Wednesday the chair was occupied by Captain James Craig, M.P., who was accompanied by Mrs. Craig, and the large attendance comprised members of all denominations. The clergy present were: Revs. M. S. Dunbar, W. Napier, H. J. Rossington, E. Lockett, J. Kennedy, J. J. Magill, J. H. Bibby, J. M'Cracken, sen., F. W. Shorten, and R. M'Elney. Apologies were received from Rev. Canon Pooler, D.D., and Rev. J. J. Deacon. Captain Craig said that as a boy he was taught his first lessons outside his home at Hollywood by a distinguished man, Rev. John J. M'Alister, who, throughout his long life, was true to Unitarian principles. They would therefore appreciate the pleasure it gave him, the speaker, to come to assist Mr. Dunbar in the worthy object which he had at heart. Mrs. Craig then declared the bazaar open. Rev. M. S. Dunbar, in moving a vote of thanks to Mrs. Craig, said that he was sure it would not be considered inconsistent with the non-political character of that meeting if he expressed the hope that Captain and Mrs. Craig would be benefited by their brief respite from duty and by their short sojourn in the more serene and genial atmosphere of a church bazaar. Mr. B. Corry formally seconded, and the resolution was passed with great heartiness. Mrs. Craig assured them that no thanks were necessary, as it was only a pleasure to her to come and render any assistance she could. On the motion of Mr. J. Kerr, J.P., seconded by Mr. H. Dickson, a

hearty vote of thanks was accorded Captain Craig for presiding. Captain Craig repeated that it was a pleasure to him to take part in these proceedings. He hoped that the congregation would continue to prosper, and that the members would be long spared to see not only the church, but their country prosper. On Thursday, at noon, the bazaar was reopened by the Right Hon. Thomas Andrews, D.L. The chairman was Mr. James Davidson, Belfast. The Chairman remarked that the Nevins and the Nelsons were great names in local Presbyterian history. Not only did Dr. James Nelson preach on Sundays, but in his classical academy he hammered secular knowledge into pupils of all denominations. Of Dr. James Nelson's pupils no fewer than three became bishops of the Roman Catholic Church. His recollections of the late Mr. Gordon were of the happiest, and he could only say of Mr. Dunbar that he was a worthy successor to men who had wielded influence and authority in the community. Mr. Andrews, after a few felicitous introductory sentences, said that he was impressed by the long history of the First Presbyterian Church, Downpatrick, which dated back to 1661. On its ministerial roll were not a few remarkable names. The Chairman had alluded to the academy which had been conducted in the town by Dr. James Nelson. Boys of the different Protestant sects came under his sway, along with many Roman Catholics, who afterwards became priests, and three attained to bishoprics in the Roman Catholic Church, viz., Drs. Denvir, Dorrian, and M'Alister. A pupil that did his teacher credit was that teacher's own son and ministerial successor, Rev. S. C. Nelson. After ten years at Dromore, he ministered for 56 years to the Downpatrick congregation, being respected and beloved not only by his own people, but by all sects. For several years he was chairman of the Town Commissioners. In the Unitarian Church he was so much esteemed that he was often called its bishop. Unfortunately, the present-day tendency was against united secular education. Now many true and lasting friendships had been formed between boys of different denominations at school. On the motion of Rev. J. H. Bibby, seconded by Rev. M. S. Dunbar, a hearty vote of thanks was passed to Mr. Andrews; and, on the proposition of Rev. W. Napier, seconded by Mr. Joseph Newman, a similar compliment was paid to the Chairman.

Halifax: Northgate-end Chapel.—Peace Sunday and Infirmary Sunday came on the same date, namely, December 19, and we had a blinding snow-storm which spoilt our attendances. The Rev. W. L. Schroeder preached in the morning strongly against the "War-scare"; in the afternoon the Orchestral Society and the chapel choir provided a musical service, and Mr. Schroeder gave an address. The day's collections for the Royal Halifax Infirmary realised £6 7s. 3d.

Hollywood, Co. Down.—On Thursday, Dec. 16, a most successful Cake Fair and Fancy Sale was held in the Town Hall, Hollywood, in connection with the First Presbyterian (Non-subscribing) Church. The sale was opened by Mrs. Richard Patterson, in the unavoidable absence of Mrs. James Campbell, the chair being occupied by Mr. R. E. McLean, M.A. There was a very large attendance during the afternoon and evening and brisk business was carried on, the result being that a very substantial amount of money was realised. It was most gratifying to see present many members of the other churches in the town, besides many friends from Belfast and the neighbourhood. To all those who helped so generously and willingly the sincere thanks of the congregation are given.

Ipswich: Appointment.—The Rev. Arthur Golland, M.A., has accepted a unanimous invitation from the Friars-street Unitarian Church to become its minister. Mr. Golland will begin his ministerial work the first Sunday in the New Year.

London: Hackney (New Gravel Pit Church).—On Monday, Dec. 13, the gifts contributed by members of the Hospital Guild were exhibited in the Schoolroom. Over 500 garments, and nearly 400 toys and books were on view, and were afterwards packed and despatched to seven hospitals and kindred institutions. An entertainment was given by the members of the Tennis Club (Junior Members' Guild), in aid of the Soup Dinners for Poor Children,

which, for many years, have been given in our schools during the winter. The entertainment consisted of songs, recitations, and two short plays (by Miss Whitehead), and was very successful.

Newport, Mon.: Appointment.—The Rev. J. Tyssul Davis, B.A., has accepted the unanimous invitation of the members of the Unitarian Free Christian Church to settle here, and will commence his ministry at the beginning of the New Year.

Nottingham: High Pavement Chapel.—The last of a series of special lectures on Christianity and the Social Movement was given at High Pavement by Rev. J. M. Ll. Thomas on Sunday evening last. On Sunday, the 5th, his subject was "The Land Question," on the 12th "Trusts and Combinations," and on the 19th "The Vision of Socialism." The attendance has been good throughout.

Peckham.—The Winter Festival of the Sunday-school and Band of Hope was held on Tuesday, Dec. 14. The evening was opened by a bright and cheerful speech by E. Gauntlett, Esq., the children being particularly interested in the sketches of Sunday-school life 60 years ago. The new minister, the Rev. L. Clare, acted as judge in the various competitions, and contributed in many ways to the success of the evening. A programme of songs and dances, arranged by Miss Cooley, was enjoyed both by the visitors and the children. The competitions in woodwork, cooking, doll-dressing, and nature study were well patronised, some fine exhibits being shown by the elder scholars. The ladies of the Peckham Branch of the Women's League took over £5 at their stall, whilst between £3 and £4 was taken at the scholars' stall; altogether the festival resulted in a profit of over £11, and the hon. secretaries Miss Cooley and Miss Hayward, can congratulate themselves on the success of their venture.

Southampton: Church of the Saviour.—On Thursday evening, Dec. 16, in connection with the Kell Literary Society, at the Kell Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Ruddock, assisted by Miss Button, vocalist, gave a musical recital, which was much appreciated by a large audience. On Sunday, Dec. 19, after the usual evening service, a special service for young people was held and Rev. T. R. Skemp received into church fellowship six associates and two members. One of the members and five associates are adult Sunday scholars and are members of the Band of Hope.

Wakefield: Westgate Chapel.—On Friday, Dec. 3, a very enjoyable party was held in the schoolroom by the Junior Girls' Club, which meets once a week in connection with the Sunday-school, and is happily named the "Sunny Hour Society." Most of the members and teachers were present, together with the Rev. W. T. and Mrs. Davies, and a few friends specially invited. The centre-piece of the programme was an action song, entitled "Cloud and Sunshine," performed with spirit and precision by the elder girls. It was one of the most successful evenings that even that time-worn room has ever seen.

Warrenpoint: Death of Mrs. Mellone.—It is with sincere regret that we have to announce the death of Mrs. Mellone. The end came quite peacefully after a short illness. For many years she had borne the burden of deafness, which shut her out from a great deal of happy human intercourse, with sweetness and patience, fitting herself, as we may think, in her enforced seclusion for the music of spiritual harmonies. Much sympathy will be felt by many friends with the Rev. W. E. Mellone and his daughter in the quiet manse at Warrenpoint, and her son, our valued contributor, Dr. S. H. Mellone, of Edinburgh.

NOTES AND JOTTINGS.

MR. ROOSEVELT has been elected corresponding member of the French Academy of Moral and Political Science, to a seat left vacant by the death of the Swiss economist, M. Ernest Naville.

MRS. LLOYD GEORGE speaks Welsh and English, like the Chancellor himself, with almost equal facility. She has only lately taken to platform work, but is already a self-possessed and quietly effective speaker, taking her audience at once into her confidence, and

talking to them in a homely, unpretentious way. She has had a very cordial reception everywhere during her tour through the North Wales constituencies, but nothing has pleased her so much, says a contemporary, as a simple bouquet of flowers, which was presented to her at Barmouth by an old man of 83 years, on behalf of the old age pensioners of the district.

APPROPOS of Mr. Blatchford's "scare" articles on the German Menace, a correspondent to the *Manchester Guardian* quotes the following words of "a great Christian Socialist, Brooke Foss Westcott."

"We can avoid and discourage all language in regard to other nations which is in any way inconsistent with the respect due to their position. We can endeavour to understand their feelings, difficulties, temptations, and not to measure them even unconsciously by the standard established for us by our traditions and beliefs. We can adopt as the rule for our own temper the memorable clause in Penn's Treaty with the Indians which bound the contracting parties 'not to believe evil reports of one another.' We can do all this while we show that we are resolved to guard to the uttermost the heritage which we have received in trust for the race."

A HIGHLY important collection was offered last week in Wellington-street, consisting of twenty-four letters by Beethoven, and one long memorial, chiefly addressed to Joseph Karl Bernard, editor of the *Wiener Zeitung*, onward from 1816, when happiness and prosperity were left behind. The series finally went at £660 to Herr Kinsky, who acted on behalf of the Cologne Historical Museum. In 1907 four pages of the autograph score of the Ninth Symphony, most of which is in the Berlin Library, fetched £26.

MR. GEORGE SALTING's art treasures, which, it is said, are to go to the nation, will be a magnificent acquisition. Most of them have been loaned for a long time to the South Kensington Museum and the National Gallery, but no catalogue has yet been made of his priceless possessions. These include wonderful collections of Chinese porcelain, Italian bronzes, medals and miniatures, Majolica ware, Limoges, Renaissance jewellery and metal work, in addition to numbers of pictures of the Umbrian, Florentine, and early Flemish schools, and other fine works of the great masters.

MR. EDWARD GERMAN, who is responsible for the music of Sir W. Gilbert's fairy-play, thus becomes the successor of Sir Arthur Sullivan. His full name is Mr. Edward German Jones. A few years ago, it is said, he consented to adjudicate at a brass band contest, but withdrew his name when he saw himself announced as "the greatest English composer of the day," a description which he regarded as "absurd and offensive."

MR. W. W. SAMPSON, who has just bought a full-length portrait of the Earl of Shaftesbury by Sir Francis Grant, the only Scotsman who has ever been President of the Royal Academy, has decided to offer it to the nation. The Earl, as is well known, devoted the whole of his life to the service of humanity, and Mr. G. W. E. Russell, says in his "Collections and Recollections," "If the Christian Socialists ever frame a Kalendar of Worthies, it is to be hoped they will rank among the most sacred of their anniversaries the day, April 28, 1801," which gave birth to the great philanthropist.

At the Town-planning Conference held in London last week it was stated that a department had been specially set aside at the London University for the purpose of town-planning. This department, which is of quite recent adoption, is under the able guidance of Professor Geddes, who has explained the details and working of the section to the *Daily News* representative. Professor Geddes' scheme is to establish a permanent department, replete with historical, geographical, pictorial, cultural, and social facts relating to the various towns and cities, the use of which will be at the full disposal of any body or individual interested. Many interesting prints and illustrations are available showing the contrasts

n city and town improvements in other countries. Picture postcards of types of architecture and historical views form another very interesting sub-section.

PLANTS, according to Dr. D. H. Scott, who recently opened the new department of Botany at University College, London, are "our cousins, and not merely poor relations at that." They did not form a kingdom, he added, superior or inferior to animals, but rather of allied power, a collateral branch of the same stock.

THE *Times* quotes from a letter written by Miss E. Benham from Mombasa a description of a journey which she took on foot in Central Africa. She walked "through Northern Rhodesia by Lake Tanganyika to German East Africa, and then on to the Victoria Nyanza and Uganda, going round by Ruwenzori, and climbing to 10,000 feet on one of the lower spurs. Then to British East Africa, crossing the Aberdare Hills from Naivasha to Nyeri, up the western slopes of Mt. Kenia, and down to Nairobi, and then from Voi to Kilimanjaro, where I succeeded in reaching the summit, 19,000 ft." Miss Benham started with eight porters and a cook. She was entirely unarmed, and met with no annoyances, or attacks from wild animals.

"EUROPE'S Optical Illusion" is a clever book by a new writer, Mr. Norman Angell, who argues very convincingly that armaments are an economic waste, and no economic advantage. For this reason, as a reviewer in the *Nation* points out, it is to be commended to the man who is apt to think that he knows the world he lives in, and to pin his faith to force, while admitting that the propaganda against war which is carried on by conscious idealists, who are more sensitive than the majority of their fellows, is quite right as far as humanity and morality are concerned, but hopelessly impractical. "It is not enough that the democracies of Europe should understand that conquests and armaments are of no service to them. They must also be made to understand the entirely reasonable, if wholly selfish, calculation which makes these things so very serviceable to a limited ruling caste. The problem of armaments is national as well as international. Its solution pre-supposes the enlightenment of democracy and its acquisition of power. The enemy is not so much the faulty reasoning of the many as the shrewd self-interest of the few."

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